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Periodical

JUN 12 1946
DETROIT

PUNCH



MAY
22
1946

Vol. CCX
No. 5498

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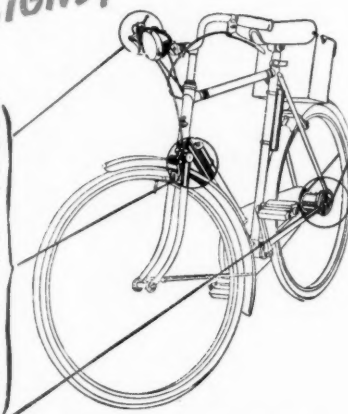
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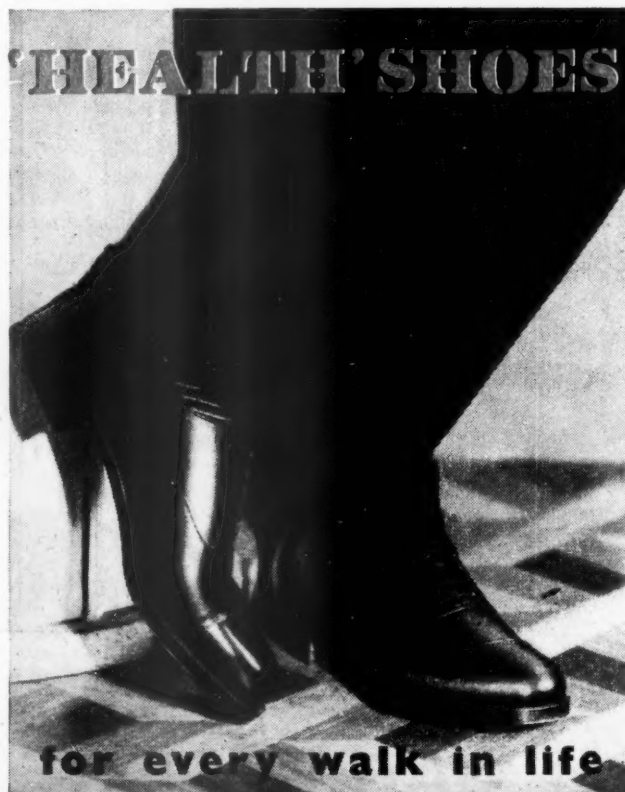
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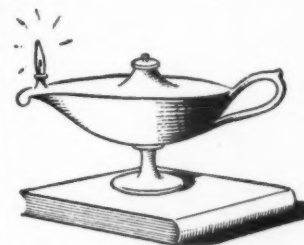
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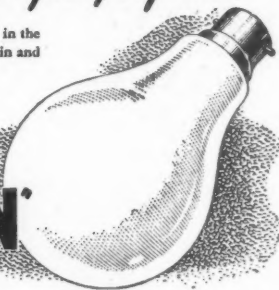
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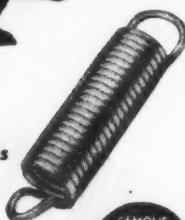


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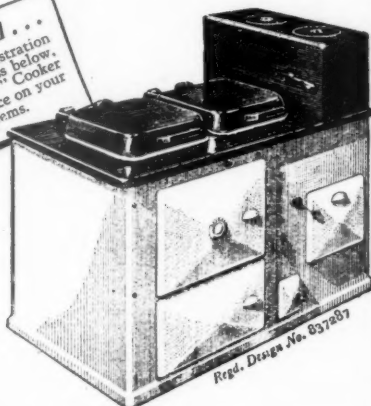
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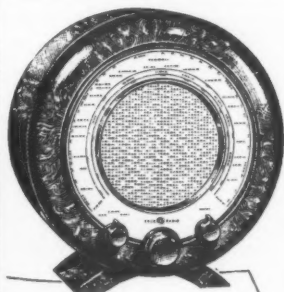
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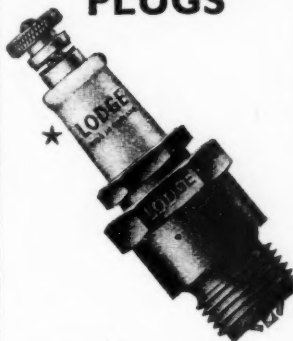
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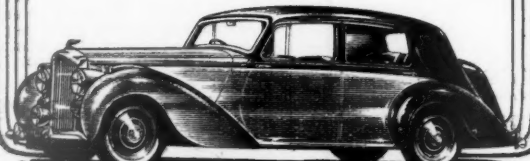
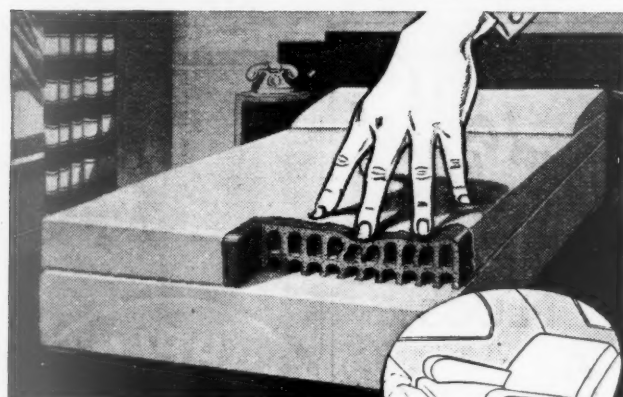
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Grand stuff this, sir says OLD HETHERS


It's just the drink for a thirsty man. No, it isn't Robinson's Barley Water out of a bottle, though I'm not surprised you thought it was. It's made from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley, sold in tins. Bless you, no sir, it takes no time to make—just like a pot of tea. You're thinking of that old pearl barley you stewed for hours. I agree, sir, we'll all be glad to see the bottled kind back again, but don't go without your barley water in the meantime.

**Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY**



*Still
better—
GREYS*

Just honest to goodness tobacco



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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCX No. 5498

May 22 1946

Charivaria

THE menu of one of the smaller New York restaurants is bigger than a page of a London Sunday paper. This is a graphic illustration of how short this country is of newsprint.

An American dietician is exciting comment by experimenting with various types of music during meals as an aid to digestion. Jealous rivals accuse him of playing to the calory.



"CABINET GRAMOPHONE (Oak) for Sale, with Records. Also extra-large Frying Pan." *Reading paper.*
For turning records over?

"Summer Half at Eton," runs a *Daily Telegraph* headline. Any hope of finding out where the other half is?

"In market gardening," says an authority, "two heads are generally better than one." And four, as asparagus-lovers know, make a bundle.

Action Stations

"His rather sardonic eyes dart impetuously behind spectacle lenses and above a thick and bushy black beard."—"Observer."

Recently a smallholder confessed that he had sold all his property to get away for a long vacation. Is this the first instance of a farm being spent on a holiday?

"Will there be state-controlled sport?" asks a recent headline. Golfers continue to rely on the Government's statement that it is not intended to nationalize Cotton.

A naval correspondent points out that the battleship *Vanguard* is likely to be the last of her kind. It is not thought that she will be renamed *Guardsvan* on this account.

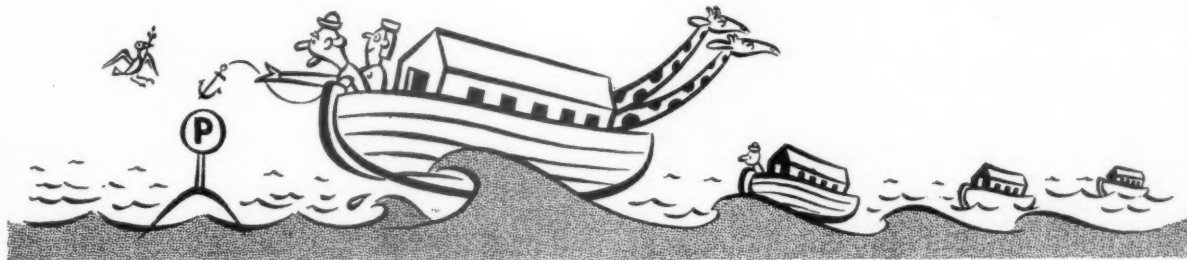
It is reported that a one-legged man from the Orkneys can give a first-class rendering of "What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor?" on the mouth-organ whilst playing a one-man game at badminton. It is thought that this may constitute a double-sided record.



A woman correspondent says she heard on the radio that nylons were to be available by Whitsun. If she did we can only suppose it was that week's deliberate mistake.

"REMEDY FOR EXHAUSTION.—Beat up fresh egg in a little warm water and sweeten to taste. Heave for a ¼-hour then drink." *Recipe book.*
Not, as you might have thought, vice versa.

A motorist told a magistrate that he had to "cruise round for twenty minutes" before finding a place to park. Noah had to do much the same.



Yet One More Trial

WOE in the South, and trouble in the Indies,
And half the world a mass of smouldering flame,
Persia, Trieste, the Ruhr, and lots of shindies
Too numerous to name.

Conscious of all the clouds that round us rumble,
Brave and compassionate, and kind and strong,
I am the last man, I believe, to grumble
When little things go wrong.

I do not. To the misers and the gluttons
I leave the fretful cries of fancied hurt,
But even a good man hates to have the buttons
Torn from his favourite shirt.

Even a kind man heedful of the dramas
Where Vengeance fills for Hate her poisoned cup
Is bound to notice when his best pyjamas
Have tops that don't do up.

Had there been any recent legislation,
At which no patriot would dare to scoff,
Commanding in the interests of the nation
Buttons to be ripped off—

But there is none. No Minister has fathered
An export drive of buttons to be shed
For far-off lands, no bureaucrat has gathered
Buttons to make our bread!

Only the Wash, disdainful and malignant,
Remains oblivious of our weekly prayer,
While the strong soul of England grows indignant
And stifles its despair.

I often wonder what the laundry launders
One half so precious, when it feels that way
(And I have put this point to Mr. Saunders),
As what it takes away.

Who has not waked—apart from any payment—
To wintry mornings full of mute distress
To find his long withholden under-raidment
Utterly buttonless?

Day turns to dusk. The shade of night advances,
We bind our slumberwear with bits of string,
While the proud laundryman goes out to dances
Dressed as a Pearly King. EVOE.

Statement by James Bolsome, Grocer

THIS happened on a Wednesday last, and if there was a disturbance it was none of my seeking beyond what a man got a right to do in his own shop when provoked by them that should know better, and one or two of them old enough to be their own mothers in a manner of speaking. "You can mend your manners, Mr. Bolsome," she says at the first go-off, before I've had time to say a word except in the way of business and that when I'd offered her a dessert mould into the bargain which is just as good or nearly.

"I've no custard powder in the shop, Mrs. Ingles," I told her; but there's some as can never take no for an answer, but must always be peeping and prying along my shelves and poking their fingers into my packing-cases. "What's that then behind them pickle-jars?" she says, and was up and had one of them down before I had a chance to get out from behind my counter. "Those are kept special," I said, none too pleased, for the shop was filling and I'd all my cheese to weigh and wrap for the week-end. "They're on order. Take it or leave it," I says, tapping the dessert mould with my pencil. "I've others to serve." Then out she comes with her "You can mend your manners, Mr. Bolsome," very high and mighty, "when you are talking to a lady."

"Maybe I will when I am," I says, for I've little use for the kind that makes a great to-do over having the best when the shop's full but is all for taking the ha'penny cheaper packet on a Thursday when we're quiet. And that might have been the end of that but for Mrs. Frampton wanting a box of matches, though she had two off me only the week before and that for no better reason than losing her lighter down a drain or some such trumped-up story. "I'm not made of matches," I told her, never dreaming she'd answer me back, for if there's one customer I've had no trouble with right through the war it's Mrs. Frampton. Though her coming in and asking me for another box as

bold as that might have warned me if I'd had my wits about me.

"I'm not interested in what you are made of, Mr. Bolsome," she says. "If you have no matches, please say so and don't be impudent."

"Hear, hear," says a voice at the back, while I'm getting my breath—that Miss Skimpton or my name's not James Bolsome—and somebody along the counter pipes up with "There are plenty of matches actually, Mrs. Frampton. I saw them in the drawer while he was giving Mrs. Armitage a bottle of anchovies."

"I'll trouble you to mind your business and leave me to mind mine," I says, flushing. "I've only got my allocation, haven't I? If I'm going to give everybody everything they asks for—"

"Like Mrs. Armitage," says two or three of them at once, and in a moment they're all at it hammer and tongs like a pack of old hens.

"Only last week she had four tins—"

"To my certain knowledge—"

"Never a drop of vanilla essence for me. Oh, no! But when one or two of them with more money than morals—"

"And so rude!"

Well, I'd soon had enough of it, I can tell you, and I told 'em pretty straight that I'd be obliged for those what had nothing better to do than talk their heads off to clear out of my shop and leave me to get on with my job. "I'm busy enough, if no one else is," I told them.

"You won't be for long, Mr. Bolsome," says Mrs. Ingles, "if I'm any judge."

"They say Perkins and Bowles are very civil and good," says Miss Skimpton.

"We're allowed to re-register now, you know, Mr. Bolsome," puts in Mrs. Frampton, nodding her head up and down like a mad thing.

"Oho!" says I. "So that's it, is it?" And with that



NEW TOWNS FOR OLD



"Oh, look—Michael has taught your little boy his newest game!"

they were all at me again with their tongues going nineteen to the dozen and not a word of sense out of the lot of them.

"You won't see *me* in this place again——"

"Just what my husband says, Mrs. Turnbull. It's insufferable."

"... little bottles of shrimp paste as if it was some great favour——"

"... and when I asked you perfectly politely for gherkins——"

"Ground rice, if you'll believe it, of all things!"

"People seem to think that just because things are a little difficult——"

"That'll do," I says, raising my voice. "Shut the shop, Mabel. And call the police if they're not all out of here inside two minutes."

"I'll soon show them where to look when they get here," shouts Miss Skimpton, waving her shopping basket in my face.

Well, if I brought my fist down on a bag of flour by mistake I'm not to be blamed for that, surely. It was them that started throwing butter that must take full responsibility for any damage done. A man has a right to protect his stock, when all's said and done, using reasonable

violence so far as may be necessary. If the police had come when called, my egg allocation might have been saved, as I told them. But they were all over at Perkins and Bowles, as it happened, quieting things down a bit over there, and by the time they got round to my place most of Perkins and Bowles customers had come over ahead of them to tell me they wanted to re-register with me. So what with one lot trying to get out and another lot pushing for all they were worth to get in, small wonder if people are complaining of bits of this and that in their sugar ration this week. There's little you can do when a sack gets ripped but sweep up afterwards and make the best of it.

But what makes me and Perkins laugh is the way all these ladies seemed to forget it would be quite a time yet before they could alter their books and swap over. They've had another look at their newspapers since, I fancy. Only this morning I had Mrs. Ingles in, as humble as you like, for a packet of dessert mould.

I gave her custard powder, if you must have it. That's business. When they're beaten and know it, then's the time to let up a bit. She'll stick to me all right when the time comes, you see if she doesn't.

H. F. E.

How to Behave at the Theatre

(A Little Guide compiled from Contemporary Sources).

BEFORE making your way to the theatre examine your tickets to see when the performance is due to begin. If you discover at six-twenty that the play is timed to start at six-thirty, and if your journey to the theatre will take ten minutes, your party obviously has time for some more drinks. Pour stiff ones; they will help you later to forget that you are sitting through a Shakespeare thing instead of that wizard show Bunny just couldn't get tickets for.

You should reach the theatre at six-fifty or, with luck, even later. On entering the foyer the ladies should scamper away, shouting that they will only be a minute, and the men should leave their hats and coats with the little woman in the cupboard up the stairs. One man, however, should retain his overcoat; *this is important.*

When the ladies eventually return the party should advance into the auditorium. The noiseless progress of the attendant who leads you to your seats is intended to ensure that no one misses a single decibel of your conversation, so stop in the gangway and discuss who is going to sit next to whom. Ignore any suggestions proffered by members of the audience; they do not know in what order you wish to sit, and in any case you should not make a hasty decision, for sitting next to the wrong person may spoil your entire evening—particularly at a Shakespeare thing.

The last member of your party to enter the row should be the man with the overcoat. While the rest of you are rattling your seats he should remain in the gangway with the programme-girl. He should say "*How much?*" and drop a handful of silver on the floor. After he has collected most of it he should say "There's another half-crown somewhere" (this encourages people to move their feet surreptitiously), and then wriggle towards his seat, making sure that his overcoat is hanging over his arm. This manoeuvre enables the coat to brush people's hair the wrong way, and gives them something to think about until the interval.

When the people in front have stopped fidgeting, someone with a cigarette-lighter—preferably one that does not work until it has been clicked twenty times—should hold it over his programme and announce the title of the play, before saying "Elsinore," "Rome," or "Act One." One of the ladies can then say "We went there with the Tonghams, darling," or "What a pity we haven't any chocolates," or make any other comment likely to interest the audience.

After a few minutes, which can be spent in coughing or shaking a bunch of keys, a member of the party at one end of the row should ask "Is Gielgud in it?" This question should be passed along to whoever is at the other end of the row, and he should say "No," "Yes," or "I don't know," as the case may be. His remark should be passed back to the original inquirer, who should then say "Oh" *indistinctly*, so that the original answerer can ask "What did Bunny say?" What Bunny said should then be transmitted along the row, as before.

In front of your party there is certain to be a woman wearing a small hat. When someone on the stage is soliloquizing, one of the ladies should demand the removal of the headgear—conveying by the tone of her voice that she objects to the hat primarily because it is too hideous to be worn in public, even by the terrible woman who is wearing it now.

When the hat has been removed members of the party

should exchange cigarettes, and after a lively discussion on the merits of Virginian and Turkish the man with the reluctant lighter should circulate his handy little gadget among his friends. You should be able to make quite a nice smoke-screen before an attendant tells you that smoking is not permitted in the auditorium. Take your time over understanding what the attendant says, then drop your cigarettes and allow them to burn the carpet before extinguishing them.

If you are fortunate one of the men will know when to expect the first interval, and this knowledge will enable you to reach the bar well ahead of the unimaginative people who wait until the curtain falls. Drink, relax, and refill your glasses; there is no hurry.

When you decide to return to the auditorium, stroll down the gangway saying "Oh, it's started," and push well into row K before discovering that row G is further down. Arrange yourselves at your leisure, then look at the stage; one of you may notice an actor who resembles a friend, and this amazing coincidence should be the subject of general comment and unrestrained hilarity.

Remain seated during the second interval, and if anyone tries to surmount your outstretched legs allow your expressions to indicate that *some* people just don't seem to know what moderation is.

After part three has been in progress for about twenty minutes you should all whisper that if you don't leave now you'll be late for your table. Fidget until a love-scene is in progress, then surge desperately into the gangway.

When you are all at the door marked "Exit," the man who had the overcoat should remember that he has forgotten to bring it out. He can then run down the gangway, wriggle back into row G, and return dragging his coat so that it brushes everyone's hair the *other* way, and you can all have a good laugh about it as you stand outside waiting for a taxi.

o o

Pinnacle

THE green cliffs are sweet with gorse; the scent,
The sunbright spendthrift beauty of it, spilling down
To the sea's edge; and all ways the green
Is sewn with bluebells and windflowers and celandine,
Like tapestry. O heart, heart, this is content!
This is the final crown
Of happiness; this is to stand on the pinnacle of peace.

The sea below is fathomless, as full of light
As ever in memory; that piercing blue
Still far outmatches the matchless robe of heaven,
And the curve of the coast is the same as the eye has seen
In dreams, sleeping and waking.
The cries of the gulls are blown on the wind for ever; they
never cease;
And the high headland, where the surf is breaking,
Lies in the sun unchanged, unchanging, yet new,
And balm to the eyes that have longed for its sweet sight.

They fall away like clouds, the years that are past . . .
O heart, know your haven,
And one who walks as a man walks in his own green land
at last. M. E. R.

At the Pictures

FAREWELL TO A CLASSIC

I DON'T usually write here about revivals, but there are two reasons for making an exception of *Le Jour se Lève* (Director: MARCEL CARNÉ), which I reviewed with enthusiasm in April 1944. One is that its present run at Studio One probably offers the last chance of seeing it before it is thrown away to make room for Hollywood's version of the same story (as our own *Gas-Light* was thrown away to make room for *The Murder in Thornton Square*); the other is that in a very lean period for new films—there has been a Press show of *Spellbound*, but I couldn't get to it—this seems so outstanding that to write at length about them without mentioning it would be absurd.

My pleasure in seeing it again was clouded all the time by thoughts of what Hollywood will probably do to the theme. For one thing they will contrive, I suppose, to give it a "happy ending," though by what process of wrenching they will achieve one I hesitate to work out. Other changes will no doubt be made with an eye on the Hays office . . . but of course the main trouble will be a loss of delicacy, a (deliberate) making-more-obvious of every effect, for fear a few boneheads might fail to understand it and be moved on that account to scare away the one-and-nineties of their boneheaded friends.

Well, these are melancholy thoughts and I mention them only to remind you that this revival is worth making an effort to see, not merely for its admirable quality but also because you should have a standard by which to judge the Hollywood film when it turns up (or an excuse for loftily staying away from it). Very rarely indeed, even in a French film, does one find everything so exactly right as it is here

in the story of the "bon gars" driven to murder. The balance is beautifully held between the narrative "frame"—the man besieged by the police in his top room—and the flashback episodes in which he recalls what has led to the

there's a lot wrong with a system that destroys it.

Now for the anticlimax, the two bits of Hollywood nonsense pictured here.



J.H. Dawd

[Two Sisters from Boston]

GIVING HIM A PAST

Ostrom LAURITZ MELCHIOR
Spike JIMMY DURANTE

situation; the playing, particularly JULES BERRY's as the oily, pleading, conceited *Valentin*, is brilliant; every

resolves itself after a time into the usual efforts to "get an audition," and the climax is the usual spectacular stage success. But it's the embroidery that counts: musical (singing by LAURITZ MELCHIOR) and, above all, comic.



J.H.D.

[On the Carpet]

HIS TUTOR'S VOICE

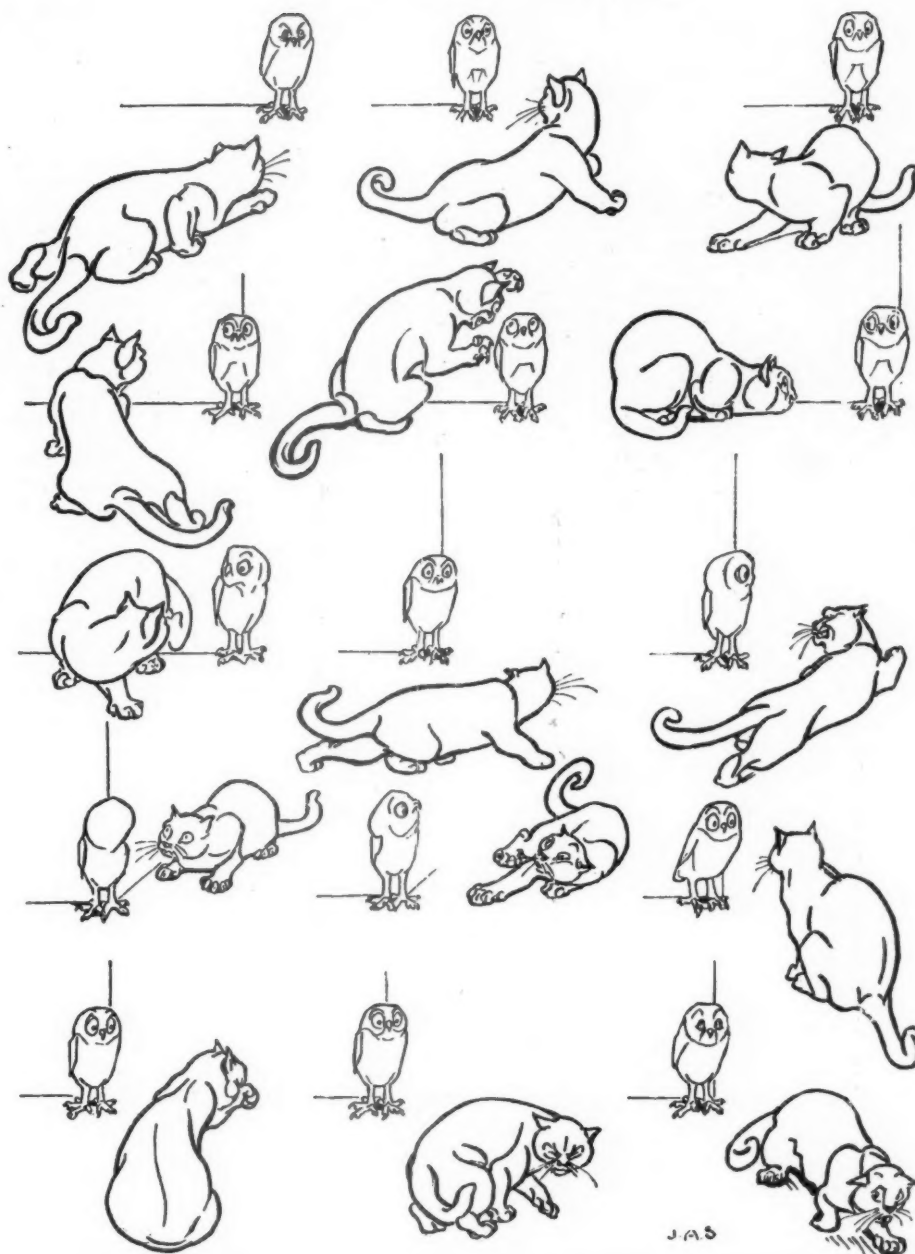
Benny Miller LOU COSTELLO

moment there is some new pleasure for the eye; and the use of sound (one small point: the suggestion of heartbeats in the silent room) is classically good. In fact this is a classic, and

Bits of *On the Carpet*, which has COSTELLO as a vacuum-cleanersalesman of monumental incompetence, appealed to me very much more than the usual A. and C. routine.

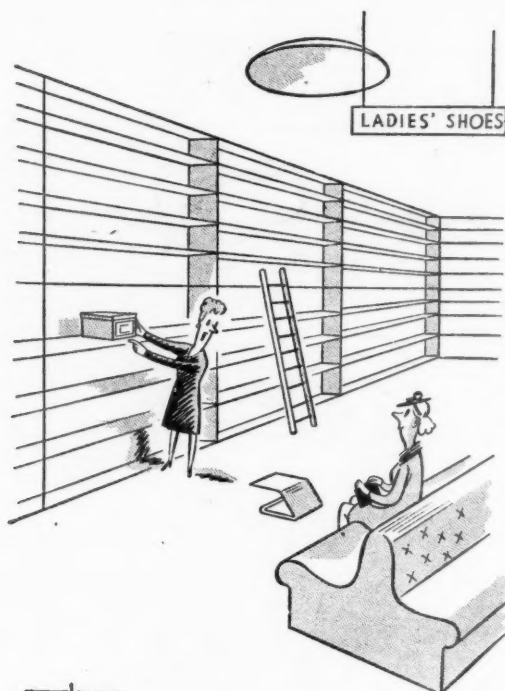
R. M.

THE POWER OF THE EYE



IN MEMORY OF "J. A. S."

THE deep regret with which we learned of the death, on May 11th, of Mr. J. A. Shepherd will be shared by generations of readers who have known and admired his work between his first appearance in Punch in 1893 and his last, nearly fifty years later, in the Almanack for 1939. Animals were his lifelong interest. He had a remarkable gift for registering human expressions and emotions on their faces and in their poses without blurring or over-distorting their animal characteristics; and he did it all with an amazing mastery and economy of line. A typical "J. A. S.", from Punch of March 5th, 1924, is reproduced above.



"You DID say four and a half, narrow fitting, tan and white, toeless and wedged? I hope you realize how fortunate you are, madam."

Epical Drammas

WE learn that Twenty-First Century-Supreme-United-Goldstein Brothers are planning a series of world-beating films to make the movie public history-conscious. The most dynamic, scintillating, appealing and glamorous stars have been lease-lent by other studios to appear in four human, colossal, gorgeous and palpitating Technicolor epics, of which we give you advance publicity.

England's smash-hit poets, Lord Tennyson and Robert Browning, are brought to the screen in *Soldiers of the Queen*. The youthful Alfred Tennyson (Errol Flynn) loves the apparently frivolous society dame Florence Nightingale (Bette Davis). She loves him, but feels she must conceal this and concentrate on her secret training as a nurse. In this she is helped by Robert Browning (James Cagney). Tennyson suspects that Robert and Florence are in love, but dares not put the question to her.

The Crimean War breaks out. Both poets volunteer for active service as cavalry officers. At Balaclava Browning is ordered to lead the Light Brigade in a charge against the fortress of the Kremlin, held by a division of Russians. News of this is brought to Tennyson, who is dining in conference with the commander-in-chief, the Duke of Wellington (C. Aubrey Smith). Crying "Someone has

blundered," Tennyson leaps into the saddle and gallops off at furious speed to intercept the Light Brigade. He warns them of their peril, and orders them back, but he finds Browning lying wounded beside his dead horse.

Bearing Robert in front of him on the saddle, Alfred gallops fifty miles to the nearest hospital, where he is amazed to find Florence in charge. Tenderly she lays Robert on a bed, but in a few minutes he dies, whispering "I guess—all's right—with the—world—now!" and Alfred and Florence embrace.

The Nightingale Serenade brings to the screen the loves and struggles of John Keats and Fanny Croker. The young song-writer Keats (Bing Crosby) loves Fanny Croker (Ingrid Bergman), daughter of the stern music-publisher Wilson Croker (Edward G. Robinson). Croker tears up in rage all the lyrics Keats sends him, and forbids his daughter ever to see the poet again. Fanny is also loved by Keats' college-friend Percy Shelley (Don Ameche), a man whose heart of gold is soured by grinding poverty. Shelley borrows Keats' *Nightingale Serenade* and sings it to Croker as his own. Croker publishes the piece, which immediately becomes a smash-hit, and orders his daughter to marry Shelley or be disinherited.

Meanwhile Shelley is dying of consumption. On his death-bed he sends for Fanny, Keats and Croker, and confesses all. Keats and Fanny embrace, while a celestial choir sings Keats' setting of Shelley's lyric "Thou wast not born for death, immortal bard."

Another romance of Victorian London is *Peel of Scotland Yard*. Robert Peel (Clark Gable), the rising young assistant district attorney of London, has evolved a plan for a new police force to check the crime-wave. This plan is ridiculed by the sinister district attorney, Ewart Gladstone (Basil Rathbone). Peel, with details of the scheme, calls on the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington (C. Aubrey Smith), and falls in love at first sight with the Duke's beautiful daughter Evangeline (Greer Garson). Wellington ridicules the scheme and forbids Peel the house.

Meanwhile the series of horrible Jack-the-Ripper murders continues. On circumstantial evidence Gladstone's detectives arrest the Duke of Wellington. Evangeline comes to Peel, imploring him to save her father and find the real criminal. She gives him ten thousand pounds of her own money so that he may resign from Gladstone's office and form his own police force. Investigating the murders, Peel finds that the bodies of the victims have always been hidden in a bag of a peculiar shape, which he recognizes as Gladstone's invention. After a three-hour grilling by Peel in his office at Scotland Yard, Gladstone breaks down and confesses. The Duke is released, and Robert and Evangeline are married in the Albert Hall.

The romance and danger of Britain's railway pioneers are vividly pictured in *The Wheels Go Round*. The young engineer George Stephenson (John Garfield) loves Angelina (Lana Turner), the beautiful daughter of the old stage-coach proprietor Samuel Pickwick (C. Aubrey Smith). Mr. Pickwick will only consent to their marriage if George will stop wasting his time on experiments with dangerous inventions like steam-engines.

Meanwhile George perfects his "Rocket." He challenges Pickwick to match his fastest coach-and-six against the "Rocket" in a race between Stockton and Darlington. Pickwick contemptuously accepts. On the day of the race the rival engineer James Watt (Basil Rathbone) prepares to blow up a bridge on the railway track as the "Rocket" is crossing, but at the risk of her life Angelina foils him, and the "Rocket" roars into Darlington half a second ahead of Pickwick's coach.

O Rare and Upright Reader!

ANOTHER thing I have learned about writing is that you can defy all the conventions if you can win and hold the reader's confidence. Don't try merely to carry your audience along with you: take it by the scruff of the neck and push it ahead to skirmish among plots and characters of its own creation. In short-story writing it is customary to kick off with a phrase so arresting that the reader is delayed unnecessarily. Compare Miss Elizabeth Bowen's "After the Bentley murder, Rose Hill stood empty two years . . ." with the opening of one of the most successful yarns I ever penned.

"My job is to tell my tale and quit. There is no need for me to introduce myself, for you are interested in my story, not in me. It is the story that matters and I have no right to delay your enjoyment of it. And because I have just been to Switzerland for a fortnight I am not going to drag in descriptions of Swiss life and labour just to show my familiarity with the country. It would be quite legitimate for me to use my knowledge of Switzerland as a background to my story; but no reader would really want to know my views on Switzerland even if the story were set in that land of mountain and lake, which it isn't. In fact you don't want my views on anything. You want my story and you shall have it . . ."

You see, my method gets the reader nosing ahead on his own, unearthing the bare bones of all kinds of imaginary plots and bringing them back to the author's feet. And such tactics please the reader and add enormously to the writer's reputation.

Another thing, don't give the impression that you know the source of every quotation you use. Say things like "See, wasn't it Shakespeare who said . . ." and "It was probably Lord Acton who wrote . . ." or even "I forget who said . . ." The reader likes these human touches. Of course if you can bring yourself to write something like "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, as William Wilberforce once said . . ." you will endear yourself to millions and get a terrific fan-mail.

My own method carries this studied carelessness a stage further and relieves me of much hard work. "I forget who wrote these next few paragraphs (or chapters)," I write, "it may have been Hardy or Chesterton . . ." A few interpolations like that soon put your

book into the 200,000 words class and improve your English no end.

Not so long ago authors seemed to think they could win popularity by fawning upon the public with such terms as "gentle reader," "thoughtful reader," and so on. Then Dr. G. D. H. Cole and Mr. Bernard Shaw resorted to a more loathsome form of flattery with their *Intelligent Man's Guide Through World Chaos* and *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*. But such knavery cuts no ice to-day. The modern reader likes frankness, brutal and stark. An author who slips a thing like this into his text is pretty certain of a following:

Will the reader who has just skipped pages 107 and 108 please go back and stop being a spineless idiot!

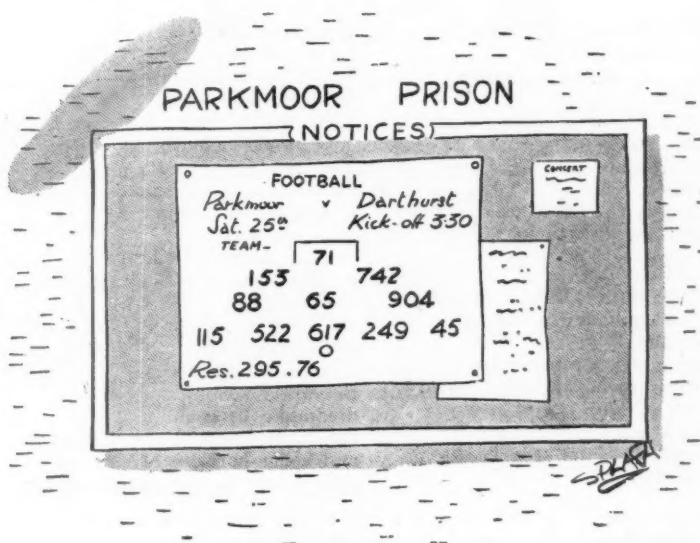
Sometimes even heavy sarcasm is permissible. In one of my novels I inserted a few notices like this every hundred or so pages:

"For New Readers (and Scatterbrains). John Marstin, ex-infantry officer, is in love with a young Edinburgh student called Connie McColour. They meet late one night underneath the pier o' Leith where they are . . ."

But, as always, the root of this matter of reader-writer relations is

economic. Remember that books are expensive and that the reader pays much more than your miserable royalty. So do what other vendors do—indicate the value of your wares and encourage economy. Because of paper restrictions your book will be rather short of pages but small in print and narrow of margin. Point all this out to the reader at the foot of every other page. And try to get him to make the book last. Nothing is more discouraging to a writer than to have his work read through at breakneck speed in one sitting or reclining only for the reader's admiration to collapse into disillusionment as he realizes that he has blued eight and sixpence in a single evening. I suggest a careful division of the book into suitable reading lengths with the words "And So To Bed" in bold Gothic, marking the sections. If this seems too obvious get the publishers to turn down the corners of the book at regular intervals. The gregarious instinct and mass psychology being what they are, the reader will almost certainly pause of his own accord at such halt-signs.

By the way, if you use the "And So To Bed" idea restrict it to direct sales copies. I had a lot of unpleasant correspondence from chain library readers about my book *They Knew Not Laughter*. Most of them wanted me to stand the twenty-one days' fines they had incurred by following my reading plan. Hod.





"Pot of tea for two—Indian or China?"

The Golden Lass

THREE knots *The Golden Lass* can do, but mostly she's content with two—although her crew take little stock of either distance or the clock, for timelessly the hours pass loitering from lock to lock.

Canals are cut against the grain of road and railway: the old, sane, gay, easy-going, jog-trot pace, the burden-bearing, heart-o'-grace, right way of life, sweet as a nut, rough-husked, sound-kernelled they maintain.

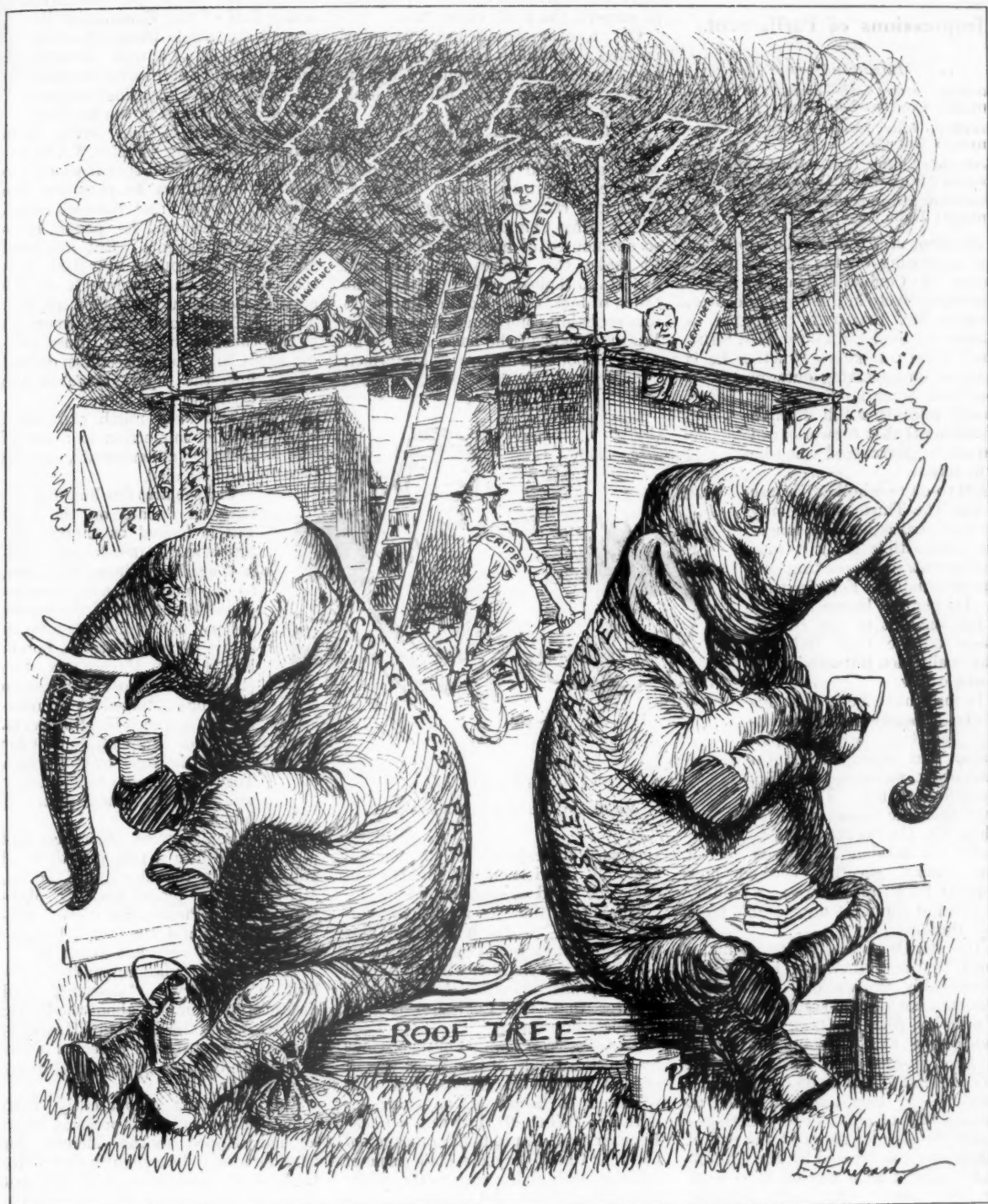
The Golden Lass glides at her ease

past meadows, tar distilleries, buttercups, slag-heaps, chestnut trees. Her crew of three brew, as she chugs, cocoa in blue-ringed china mugs in their cubed cabin spick-and-span as Mrs. Jarley's living-van, its tiny fire cherry-red and neat as any goldcrest's head. The engine throbs; the water steals dreamlike beneath the dumb-crafts' keels and hedge-horizons at the rim spin slowly as the zodiac wheels. Loitering from lock to lock here is peace.

The ripples rock reflections caught in coloured mazes of tar distilleries, bridges, daisies, through which *The Golden Lass* glides on as tranquil as a sailing swan.

When evening, amidst flowers or tar, brings "a vague, unpunctual star" the old, deep-laden, placid tub is moored beside some proper pub where well-earned ease in leisure laps slow-thinking and slow-drinking chaps. Three pints an hour the crew can do—but mostly they're content with two.

R. C. S.



THE NEW ELEPHANT HOUSE

"And now you two can go on with it."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Monday, May 13th.—House of Commons: Coal without Fire.

Tuesday, May 14th.—House of Commons: Hot Coal.

Wednesday, May 15th.—House of Commons: Eggs—and Coal Again.

Thursday, May 16th.—House of Commons: India.

Monday, May 13th.—The subject of coal appearing on the agenda of the House of Commons usually means something lively in the way of debates, because Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL is Minister of Fuel and Power. Mr. SHINWELL is so combative (whether he is engaged on gathering outcrop coal from some noble park or merely piloting a Bill through Parliament) that fireworks can almost be guaranteed when he is in action.

But to-day—whether because it was The Thirteenth or only because coal is not any longer the combustible thing it was, Parliamentarily speaking—he seemed subdued. For him, that is. He got the House through a fair amount of the Report Stage of the Coal Industry Nationalization Bill with hardly a single row.

It may have been that his newly-appointed Parliamentary Secretary, witty, diplomatic and able Mr. HUGH GAITSKELL, was already making his influence felt. That may have been the explanation, for when Mr. GAITSKELL came to make his maiden Ministerial speech the general cheering showed how popular he is, and how very politely he can put the most unpalatable facts and theories.

The Mantle of Irascibility normally worn by Mr. SHINWELL, but so unaccountably thrown off, fell (to the general astonishment) on the shoulders of mild Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, who was acting as Leader of the House in the absence in Washington of Mr. HERBERT MORRISON. The usual question—by long tradition asked at the opening of almost every sitting—about the time of rising at the end of the debate was treated by Mr. GREENWOOD almost as a motion of censure on the Cabinet and hotly resented accordingly. The natural reaction of the Opposition to this rough treatment was to offer a little violence on its own account, and after what country policemen are apt to call a “fray-cass”

there was a division against a proposal to suspend the 10.30 rising rule.

Old Kaspar would have been as puzzled about this particular battle as he was about the other one. Only, on this occasion, no poor fellow's skull became detached from his body.

Mr. GLENVIL HALL, for the Treasury, announced that in future Members could get 3,000 copies of their own speeches, reprinted from *Hansard*. Mr. BOB HUDSON blandly inquired which of his Commons colleagues was so enamoured of his own speeches as to make this concession necessary. Mr. HALL replied, with just the right touch of tact, that he didn't know. It was probably coincidence that led Mr. FRANK BOWLES (who has a right to be pleased about his always well-informed

comparative calm, Mr. GALLACHER, senior half of the Communist Party, started the whole thing off again by pleading with Captain BELLENGER (never the most stentorian of speakers) to “stop this whispering campaign.” The accused joined in the laughter.

When firmness had once more stayed the growing risibility, Mr. GLENVIL HALL announced that it would use up 800 man-hours to perforate the 8,000,000 Road Fund licences issued each year. So, said he, people must go on using scissors. But, objected Mr. HENRY USBORNE, in a flash, if it took each person a minute to do the cutting, that meant 130,000 man-hours. The speed (and comparative accuracy) of this calculation set the House roaring again, and the proceedings drifted into the report stage of the Coal Bill once more.

Not even mirth can stand sudden immersion in a sea of technical amendments, and the laughter died.

For the first few hours of the renewed debate on the Coal Bill it looked as though Mr. SHINWELL's new-found mildness would continue. And then, to the manifest astonishment of the occupants of the public gallery, everything blew up in a sort of verbal atomic bomb. Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN—not precisely the most provocative of beings—started it by mentioning a speech Mr. SHINWELL had made complaining that for a mine manager to stand as a Tory in a mining constituency was “a first-class piece of impudence.”

Somehow of other pigs and pianos came into it too, and they all got mixed up together—pigs, Tories, Mr. SHINWELL, pianos and Mr. MACMILLAN—in a Picasso-like frieze. Perhaps frieze is not the word, because everybody got very hot about it.

Words like “vile innuendo,” “infantile pedantry,” “unseemly and disgraceful,” hummed about the House like arrows at the Battle of Hastings. HAROLD (MACMILLAN) collected a few in the eye, but also gave a good many in return.

Mr. SHINWELL (apparently with some pride) recalled an occasion when he had slapped another Member for what he took to be a slighting reference to himself. But even that did not stop the fight to-night. Mr. BEAUMONT, in the Chair, “hoped there would be restraint”—but there was not much.

It all ended at last. And, somehow, the House seemed more natural now



AT BAY

MR. SHINWELL and MR. MACMILLAN

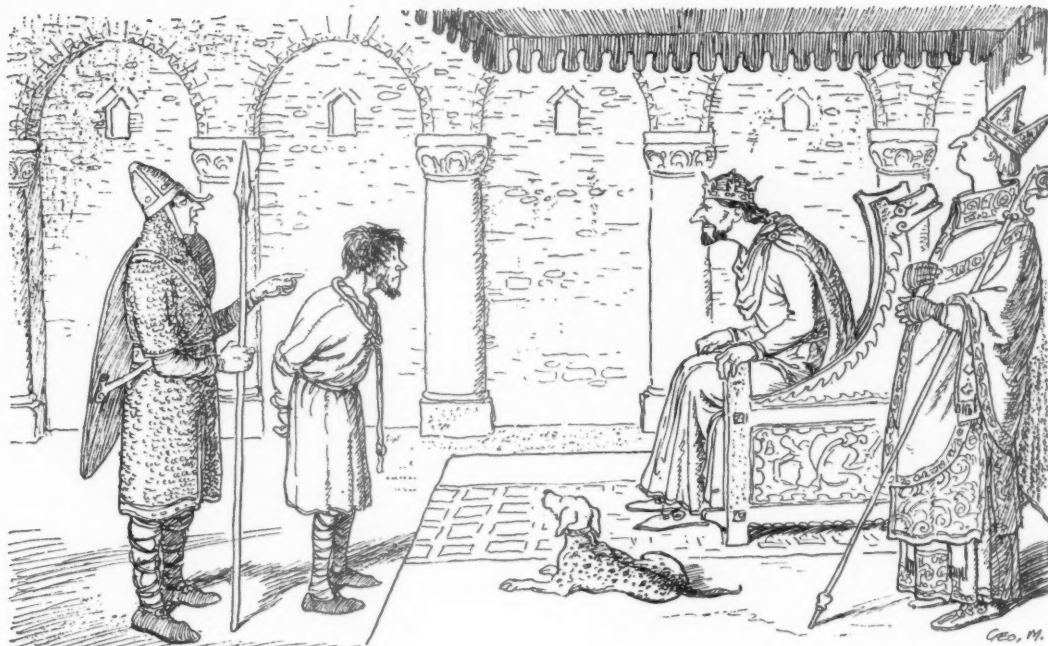
speeches) to leap up with a demand that all restrictions on numbers of copies be lifted as soon as possible.

'Twas then that Mr. HALL's diplomacy left him—or did it? Asked how much the copies would cost, he replied: “Members are charged what is judged to be a proper price for what they get!”

After that the Coal Bill seemed even less interesting.

Tuesday, May 14th.—For no obvious reason, the House of Commons was in one of its risible moods, and was prepared to laugh at anything—or nothing. When Mr. RANKIN, a Back-Bencher, and Captain BELLENGER, of the War Office, played a little game of see-saw, each giving way to the other, and sitting down and standing up at the wrong times, mirth was unconfined. In fact your scribe was tempted to cry, with the radio comic: “It's not all that funny!”

When Mr. Speaker had restored



"Another Anglo-Saxon terrorist, your Majesty. He was understood to remark that kind hearts were more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."

that Mr. SHINWELL had given his fire-work display.

Wednesday, May 15th. — Another Minister got angry in the House to-day, Sir BEN SMITH, the Food Minister. He was answering a question about "spying" on egg-producers (or rather, the owners of egg-producers) when someone expressed the opinion that the answer was not a very good one. Sir BEN both went, and saw, red, and snapped: "I am trying to answer the question!"

He said it so very emphatically that Members cried chidingly: "Naughty!" and the famous smile returned to the Minister's face.

And then—back once more to coal. Apart from a division now and then, there was little movement. But progress was made with the consideration of the Bill, so everybody was happy.

Thursday, May 16th.—Mr. ATTLEE announced to a crowded House to-day the latest news about the work of the Cabinet mission to India, which had been trying to get an agreed plan for the future government of that land.

In that historic task they had so far failed, but they produced a plan for

a constitution which they hoped would provide at least a bridge making it possible for Hindus and Moslems—and all the others who make up India—to get together to make their own constitution. Mr. ATTLEE, after a few introductory remarks, read the White Paper—and left it at that.

Mr. CHURCHILL, observing that the object sought was now not Dominion status for India, with a subsequent right of secession, but immediate independence, reserved his party's future freedom of action.

o o

The Way of the Transgressor

I'M an unoffending type. I cross here, form a queue this side, refrain from spitting and obey the "No Smoking" rules. I stand on the right, keep the gangways clear, pass along the car, mind the doors and never put my head out of the carriage window.

I always tender the exact fare and state my destination. I park here,

post early, avoid the rush hours. I dug for victory. I saved for victory. I keep away from wet paint and never distribute circulars. Furthermore I'm not a hawker. I beware of the dog, press the day-bell during the day and the night-bell at night, and telephone from here, if I may.

I go in at the entrance and out through the exit. I put my used ticket there. I eat more fruit and potatoes. I shut the gate, close the doors, never pass behind a bus until I know the road is clear and always look for the platform before alighting.

I move along, stop when it's red and go when it's green and never exceed thirty in a built-up area. I cross the line by the subway, show my season ticket and save fuel.

That's why I think it was bad luck that a few choice specimens, destined for my Public Notices collection and obtained at a cost of two broken fingernails, should have been found on my person on Boat-Race night, when I was arrested for knocking off a policeman's helmet with a Belisha beacon.

Sorry I wasn't able to tell you about it before, but I couldn't exercise the option as I'm saving for the peace.



"Another of these wholesale stamp robberies!"

Tradition

TRADITION is without doubt an element in the lives of all of us. Coming as the word does from two foreign words which for convenience sake I shall translate as "handed" and "down," tradition means something handed down. It thus includes those blue-patterned, brown-veined vegetable dishes with side-knobs for handles. Some people grumble about tradition and some uphold it, the main contention on both sides being that someone else started it. The origins of a lot of traditions are lost in the general mix-up of the past, or as good as. Many of us, for example, have a blurred idea that people raise their hats to show they are not hiding swords in them, and if pressed to think again the only alternative we can offer to swords is, rather diffidently, sandwiches.

Proverbs being as traditional as anything, let us consider them first. A proverb may be defined, if it has not been already, as a short pithy saying compact of homely wisdom; sometimes it is in dialect, which makes it all the more homely though also a bit baffling, most people finding it difficult to straighten out "muckle" and "mickle." Dialect proverbs are happiest round the base of a china candlestick, where the apostrophes come into their own; they are not so good for quoting because the person quoted at is sure to say "What?" the first time. Proverbs are essentially

things everyone else knows too, though occasionally we do find people who have never heard of some very well-known proverb, or people whose repertory includes a proverb which is not known at all. There is a general feeling that proverbs as a whole were the work of one person, and if asked to describe this person the public would say that he wore a leather jerkin and a pointed hood and found life tough but no match for perseverance. Proverbs and quotations overlap slightly, though not to the people who can trace the quotations to *Hamlet*, and there is also a layer of highly unfamiliar proverbs used as padding by dictionaries of them—padding which seems perfectly excusable when we try to imagine ourselves having to spread the proverbs we know out into a book, but which will never find its way round a candlestick. As for how proverbs seep into the public's mind, this has never been satisfactorily determined by statisticians, but they think we learnt some from copy-books and the rest in various other ways. They say that from what they hear of modernity they expect that people nowadays do not use the sort of copy-books you learn proverbs from, but that it does not matter as long as stationers' windows reserve a space for poker-work; and, as I was saying, there are always the candlesticks. The purpose of proverbs is much easier to determine. They are used, in speech or

thought, whenever what is about to be said or thought resolves itself into what amounts to some proverb and might as well be one while it is about it. That we find proverbs all over the place all the time is therefore a fine tribute both to their assessment of human nature and to the will-power of poker-workers.

Tradition has always influenced clothes, at least it still does because it did before. Let my readers look at their shoe-laces, or other people's if they can get near enough without being noticed, and see if the laces of all shoes are not threaded either in parallel lines or in a series of crosses. These types of lacing are traditional, or the only two ways known so far—though admittedly there is a variation at the back of the parallel kind, a variation where one end of the lace does all the work. Its secret is held by shop-assistants. The bow on a hat-band is traditional because it is always on a certain side. Which side will be known offhand only to those of my readers who care to get up and look at their hats, though any readers who have ever removed a hat-band and had to put it back will remember how they went out and watched the passers-by for a moment or two, and were in possession, for some little time after they had got the hat-band back, of as useless a piece of knowledge as even they had ever come by. The tradition that ridges should run down the backs of gloves has a twofold purpose; it can cheer home-made gloves with a twist of professionalism, and it can warn the people who have put on one glove the wrong way round that the other will be the wrong way round too. There is also an interesting tradition about name-tapes—that those sample cards propped up on drapers' counters shall be a kind of Hall of Fame, those getting their names on to a sample name-tape having made the grade as surely as if they were waxworks, and far more exclusively. The public often wonders, in its simple woolly way, how people with their names on the samples would feel when ordering their own name-tapes, especially if they wanted a different kind; but the public does not think it will ever find out and is content to add it to its list of mysteries, along with the addresses on sample notepaper.

Mention of notepaper reminds me of something very traditional indeed—the printed or, more technically, engraved handwriting on those cards people used to leave on one another and, for all anyone knows, still do. This handwriting is known as copperplate, a word deriving, probably, from some engraving process the public has thus assimilated without realizing; though as any written handwriting sloping as tidily as this writing has also come to be known as copperplate, the adjective has rather bounced off and come back to this printed writing as a tribute to its regularity and flourishes. I was saying that this writing is highly traditional, by which I mean that although no one could say without looking how the capital letters are formed, everyone can tell with looking if the general effect is the same as usual, because it always is. Graphologists (those people who enable us to tell our own character from reproductions of other people's handwriting) say that the maintenance of copperplate writing for cards, in the face of present-day changes in handwriting, shows pretty well what we think of ourselves; which is rather ungrateful when you think what a struggle graphologists must have had in the days when everyone wrote like that.

Public servants, or whatever term I should use to include postmen, meter-readers, plumbers, policemen and the men who mend what goes on under pavements, are fraught with tradition. I do not need to remind my readers that policemen traditionally have big feet, but I would like to put in a word of reason and say that policemen are tall men, and tall men often do have big feet. I don't think

the public has really taken this factor into account in its summing up of policemen's feet. Plumbers traditionally have plumbers' mates and a bag of tools from which the right tools are missing—traditions which probably do not affect plumbers but make it sensational for the public if they live up to them. Meter-readers do not look or act queerly in any way, except in turning up at what always seems like much less than three months since last time, but they do have a rather striking habit of arriving at breakfast. Taken to its logical conclusion this would leave a meter-reader free by nine in the morning at the latest, and human nature does not think that life, even for a meter-reader, can be like that. Postmen are perhaps the most traditional of all. Dogs bite them, they ride red bicycles, they would always rather deliver business letters than friendly ones, and they bring the door-knocker down with a double bang at a speed few of my readers know their own wrists to be equal to. Postmen are so traditional that their bicycles may, for all the public really knows, have stopped being red by now, and they certainly no longer wear those funny little hats the public would like them to. However, that we no longer actually imagine them in such hats is proved by that very small twinge of disappointment with which door-openers recognize dark-uniformed men in peak caps not to be the postman.

I have said nothing about the men mending what goes on under the pavement, because there is traditionally nothing to say about them. There they are, messing about with whatever they have taken the manhole-cover up for; their tradition is that they know what they are doing, but no one else does.

The Flying Panda

UNITY comes! In a large fur coat,
sitting on ice in a flying boat,
smiling serenely, as fat as butta,
taking a bird's-eye view of Calcutta,
beaming complacently over the wings
at Galilee and the Tombs of the Kings.
Unity comes! Like a royal princess
she rides in her stately loneliness,
pinging the bell for her A.D.C.,
honey for luncheon, milk for tea.
Behind her in air-conditioned cells
lie oranges, rice and caramels,
the whitest flour, the rarest fruits,
and mountains of succulent bamboo shoots.
Over the barren earth she flies,
and the starving peoples raise their eyes;
yet though golden the opportunity,
they *cannot* be cross with Unity
who sits so silly and round and nice
in a large fur coat on a block of ice. V. G.

Good News for Railbound Divorcées

"Amendments to provincial legislation that will permit a divorced wife to forsake her married name, and slow railway traffic to 10 miles an hour at certain level crossings was introduced in the Legislature Friday."—*Vancouver Daily Province*.

At the Play

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" (STRATFORD)

THE originality of Mr. PETER BROOK's production is immediately evident in a brief dumbshow prologue showing the tearful women of Navarre confronted by their royal master's ungallant proclamation, and it is sustained with a boldness and judgment made more remarkable by the fact that he is not yet twenty-one. The brittle charm of this most artificial of courts, its airy spirit of mock chivalry and its delicate parody of the highbrows are blended into an extravaganza of admirable lightness; of the lightness, if one may so mix the arts, of a classic omelette, garnished in this case deliciously by Watteau. In Mr. DAVID KING-WOOD has been found a *Berowne* with an intellectual grasp of what he is about and a persuasively romantic manner, and in Miss VALERIE TAYLOR a captain for the team of visiting Paris ladies who combines poise with an excellent quickness of manoeuvre. The youthful scholar-king is played well by Mr. PAUL STEPHENSON, the absurdities of the word-struck *Armado* are rolled out with most discerning relish by Mr. PAUL SCOTFIELD and as *Holofernes* Mr. HUGH GRIFFITH adds another lively droll to his *Trinculo*. But, when all credit has been given to a keen young cast at the top of their form, the main triumph remains with Mr. BROOK. Without any sense of strain his production is rich in unexpected effects, such as when the wittily-taken scene where the *King* and his three friends catch each other out is faded into a silhouette of great beauty, and when the romp which succeeds the village theatricals (*Costard* is armed with a water-pistol!) is suddenly stilled by the messenger of death who stands in shadow brooding darkly over the bright scene, looking like Cromwell about to go into action against the Rump.

The dramatic switch to sincerity which follows has a brilliant simplicity, and so has the singing of the two

rustic choirs which ends the play. The producer is in debt to Mr. REGINALD LEEFE, whose sets and dresses, mostly in the early eighteenth-century French convention, are charming, and to Mr. ALLAN GRAY, who wrote the music; though I would much rather the latter was played by an orchestra, however small, than erupted with whatever cunning from the tin lungs of Stentor.

"SWEETEST AND LOWEST" (AMBASSADORS)

Satire is not, after all, dead, though everything in the modern way of life

KENDALL, discovered sipping champagne as a stoker sips tea, and after they have pulled the entire theatrical profession to pieces she applies for a transfer. Mr. KENDALL's humour is gentler and without her fiendish accuracy, but at its best is very telling, as in an up-to-date version of the *Duchess* and the American at the pantomime; and he is equally attractive in the field of light sentiment. A number of talented young people are in strong support. Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN produced and Mr. CHARLES ZWAR supplied some good tunes.

"CAN-CAN" (ADELPHI)

This operette by Mr. MAX CATTO borrows Offenbach's music and includes a potted version of the *Tales of Hoffmann* danced to good effect by the PAULINE GRANT BALLET. As the title suggests, it also includes a scene at the Bal Tabarin where, though the mirrored floor is lacking, the can-can is put on with zest. 1860 is the time, and the atmosphere of Paris is captured rather neatly. The story is not entirely unfamiliar. A leading lady, lured from the stage by a sprig of the nobility, is rescued almost at the altar by her frantic lover, who climbs inside a Romanoff beard and trumps the local aces. The fun is of a naïve pantomime order and the show is considerably too long, but romance and absurdity in a popular pattern are expertly wrapped up and delivered. Miss ELIZABETH FRENCH and Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON know just how to do it.



THE LADY FROM THE FLAT ABOVE
MR. HENRY KENDALL MISS HERMIONE GINGOLD

is against it. I think this edition is fully as clever as the first of the series and much better than the one it succeeds. That it should be so is a personal score for Mr. ALAN MELVILLE, whose book and lyrics take us back to HERBERT FARJEON in wit if not quite in polish. But how lucky he is to have Miss HERMIONE GINGOLD. What a vehicle! as they say in the theatre as well as at Great Missenden. Whether she is settling the Indian problem, or exhibiting a form the worse for a brush with Picasso, or ingeniously aspersing British films, she is wickedly funny; and how refreshing it is to find someone cruel only to be unkind! In one of the nicest scenes she goes slumming from heaven to visit, in hell, Mr. HENRY

"1066—AND ALL THAT" (PALACE)

An all-star matinée in aid of the Reunion Theatre Association gathered a cast of fantastic stellar magnitude. With topical revisions this burlesque of English history still goes well and Mr. LESLIE HENSON as *The Common Man* (modelling himself on Strube's immortal) and Mr. NAUNTON WAYNE as the *Compère* set a hot pace. The notion that the leaders of the stage form too combustible a mass was surely confounded by as fine a piece of teamwork as could be wished. Altogether a memorable occasion, and the *Daily Telegraph*, which sponsored it, is much to be congratulated on raising £5,000 for a most useful cause. ERIC.

Hattage

IT'S kind of you to let me have my hat:
And I will give you sixpence for it now.
No, no, I think you should have more than that:
Name your own ransom, sir, and I shall bow.

It was so kind of you to guard my hat,
While I was lunching in this costly hole.
You did not jump on it, or squash it flat:
You did not sell it to a single soul.

You did not lend it to a minstrel-troupe;
You did not give it to the dog to dine;
You did not plunge it in to-morrow's soup
(I think there was a hat or two in mine).

The *mousse de veau* reminded me of cats;
The room is draughty, and the bills abound:
But when it comes to the control of hats
The management is absolutely sound.

Let highway robbers gather in the street;
Let burglars prowl, and fellow-lunchers stare:
My heart is light (whatever I must eat).
My hat's impregnable. For you are there.

This hat is dear to me. We've had such fun.
I was betrothed in this beloved lid.
I should not like to use another one:
I should not have the coupons if I did.

This hat is dear to me. My hat, it is!
I know of nothing that has cost me half.
I should not care to count the sixpences
I have invested in the cloak-room staff.

Yachts—first editions—caviare—and gin—
Champagne and diamonds, and things like that—
Silk stockings—motor-cars—and even sin
Are less expensive than the common hat.

Capital value! Search the Island ground
From London City to the hills of Minch:
A piece of property will not be found
That carries so much money to the inch.

Men must pay "corkage" for the wine they bring,
Which always struck me as a puzzling plan:
I do not get the logic of the thing.
But I will pay my hattage like a man.

Maybe, one morning, when the credit cracks,
I'll give this dear old monument away
To my dear Chancellor, in lieu of tax.
Meanwhile, I'll buy it back again. Good day.
A. P. H.

"PROBLEM OF THE GERMAN GIRLS
ARMY BAN STAYS ON MARRIAGE."
"Daily Mail."

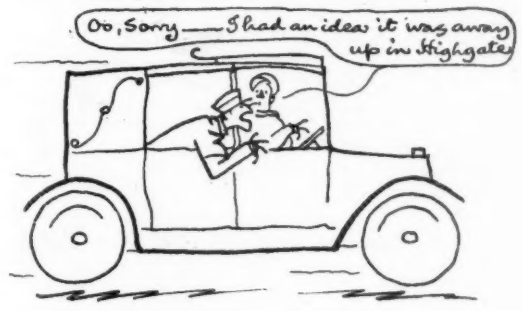
Belts may be worn, surely?

"16-acre Pennant Quarry for Sale, 6 miles Bristol, inexhaustible supplies."—Advt. in "The Times."
So that's where the flagstones come from!

Personally I much prefer—



the taxi-driver who looks as if he knew the address—



but doesn't—



to the taxi-driver who looks as if he didn't know the address—



but does.



"To save time, you go through A to K and I'll do L to Z."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Scottish Philomel

If the old saying is true, that the poet, like the nightingale, sings most sweetly with his breast against a thorn, it is wiser, perhaps, for the more sensitive of us to enjoy the song and let the Parnassian coppers keep their own secrets. No lover of *Marjory Fleming* (FABER, 10/6) will be the happier for reading Miss ORIEL MALET's intimately reconstructed Life—the price paid in suffering for the three journals, the verses and the letters that have crowned that little eight-year-old head with bays is too costly. Nevertheless the record is an engrossing one. Now you know exactly how the charming cousin to whom Marjory wrote the famous epistle beginning "My dear Isa, I now sit down on my botom to answer all your kind and beloved letters" came into the picture; and how, alas, she faded out of it—and Marjory with her. You see the Kirkcaldy of 1806 and a comfortable family installed over a book-shop. In 1808 Isabella Keith, aged seventeen, takes a tiresome five-year-old Marjory to Edinburgh for three years' governessing and mothering. In 1811 a belatedly possessive Mrs. Fleming recalls her child, and Marjory comes home to die. To Marjory the poet is added Marjory the victim of grown-up instability—to the rare voice its lacerating occasion.

H. P. E.

English Literature in the Twentieth Century

Very wide reading and great pains have gone to the production of Dr. H. V. ROUTH's *English Literature and Ideas in the Twentieth Century* (METHUEN, 11/6). The author is equally prodigal of large generalities and particular

instances, and should satisfy the many readers nowadays who like, when they pick up a book, to feel that it contains a great profusion of ideas and most of the available information on the subject dealt with. His method can be illustrated from his second and third chapters, the former of which deals with Kipling, Conrad, Wells, Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, de la Mare, Masefield, E. M. Forster and Yeats, under the heading "The Pioneers of the Twentieth Century"; and the latter with Max Beerbohm, G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Edmund Gosse, W. H. Hudson, Cunninghame Graham and Henry Newbolt, under the heading "Humanists who accompanied the Leaders, but would neither lead nor be led." In what possible sense did Chesterton and Belloc accompany Kipling or Shaw? Why is Arnold Bennett a pioneer, but Edmund Gosse one who would neither lead nor be led? If de la Mare marched in the van of the twentieth century, why deny that distinction to Max Beerbohm? Had Dr. ROUTH confined himself to five or six representative writers of the last fifty years he would probably have reached some clear-cut conclusions, for there are a good many interesting reflections scattered over his pages. But in trying to cover everything he has succeeded rather in illustrating than in clarifying the confusion of the age.

H. K.

Why Not More Bees?

There has been nothing, one supposes, like *Honey Bees and Their Management* (FABER, 12/6) since the Reverend J. G. Digges, an Irish parson, published his *Practical Bee Guide* in 1904 and bee enthusiasts "read it at meals, read it at night and read it at dawn." The same well-deserved fate should overtake Mr. STANLEY B. WHITEHEAD's book; for, as he warns us, 100,000 species of plants would vanish from the face of the earth without bees; and what with mechanization and "pest-control"—the latest controller being that devastating product "D.D.T."—pollinating insects are having a pretty thin time of it. Mr. WHITEHEAD, however, is here to plead for four times as many bees as England now entertains. They work, he reminds us, for nothing, as long as their rules of life and etiquette are observed. (In this connection it is odd to note that he favours a certain amount of swarming, because animals kept in unnatural conditions never prosper; and has a weakness for artificial insemination, a far more unnatural practice than the restriction of swarms.) He offers a lucid, well-written, round-the-calendar programme for all beekeepers, and a series of appendices on special problems and advanced techniques. The most timid practitioner, thus acquiring not only expert knowledge but "a good bee-side manner," should assuredly prosper.

H. P. E.

A Special Correspondent in Greece

In *Simiomata: A Greek Notebook. 1944-1945* (MACDONALD, 10/6), Mr. RICHARD CAPELL, war correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, gives a very interesting account of his experiences in Greece from September 1944 until March 1945. On reaching Athens Mr. CAPELL found it hungry but undamaged, and with all its lights on, owing to the heroism of a few Greeks who defended the power-station against a last-minute attempt of the Germans to wreck it. He also found civil war, and his book is a record of the struggle between ELAS and Papandreou's government, supported by Britain. Not that ELAS was the only disruptive element, for, as Mr. CAPELL puts it, "Nationalism, patriotism, communism—all names have covered the same ferocity; and cut-throats served in this

band or that, as happened best to suit them." The confusion of these months is reflected in Mr. CAPELL's pages, and the reader may sometimes wish that the author had converted his journal into an orderly, retrospective narrative. In compensation there is the vividness of his day-to-day jottings. Here, for example, is an extract about the visit of the Citrine mission to Athens—"Some of the questions . . . went pretty far in the way of unconventionality. It was asked: 'Was there a feeling among the troops that they were being oppressively used against a democratic movement?' They got such answers as 'They [ELAS] are the lowest, dirtiest, scroffiest shower that ever was!'" This is also Mr. CAPELL's view, which he supports with many terrible episodes.

H. K.

The Lane

The story of Drury Lane is far more than the story of a single stage, for the classic period of the whole English theatre is bound up with it. Here were seen Betterton's *Hamlet* and Macklin's *Shylock* (which terrified George II into insomnia), and here Nell Gwynne, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Siddons, Ellen Terry, Colley Cibber, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready and a host of others made history. Buckingham and Dryden, Congreve (whose first play, *The Old Bachelor*, achieved the staggering run of fourteen consecutive nights) and Sheridan (who became part-owner) wrote for it. This is a rich record of which nobody knows more than Mr. W. MACQUEEN POPE, whose *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane* (ALLEN, 17/6), while not pretending to give more than a popular approach, makes very good reading. The present theatre, built in 1812, is the fourth; the first was opened by Thomas Killigrew in 1663. It cost £2,400 and occupied about the same area as that of the present stage; and the candles which Pepys thought too dazzling were its only lighting. At the Lane the tradition of the actor-manager took firm root in spite of appalling economic crises, and found its finest flower in Garrick, a born theatrical organizer. Mr. MACQUEEN POPE tells some excellent stories. That about the theatre's ghost, an eighteenth-century gallant with wig and sword, is exciting enough, for he has seen it himself; but the one I like best, though it makes sad reading to-day, is of how Macklin preserved himself to the age of one hundred and seven by washing all over in brandy every night, before going to bed in his clothes. To what extent internal applications formed part of this curious regime is not chronicled.

E. O. D. K.

Italy in Jig-Saw

Mr. ERIC LINKLATER takes as the central figure in his latest novel a handsome young Italian who, following consistently the line of least resistance, is enrolled successively in the armies of the Duce, of Germany, and of this country. His battle exploits consist in the successful application of a certain facility in the art of running away, for *Private Angelo* (CAPE, 8/6), infinitely to his regret when his temperament occasions inconvenience to his friends and sweethearts but wholly without self-condemnation, is not blessed with the *donno di corragio*. He gets on, to be sure, pretty well without it, and among his achievements is to be reckoned the acquisition of a curiously assorted family. He finally gets married with a small child of dubious parentage sitting on his shoulder. As a study in the psychology or the social implications of courage or its reverse this story cannot be taken seriously, being far too feather-headed, neither can it be presented as wholehearted comedy, but it does succeed in a kind of portrayal of an Italy shattered into unpleasant and incongruous

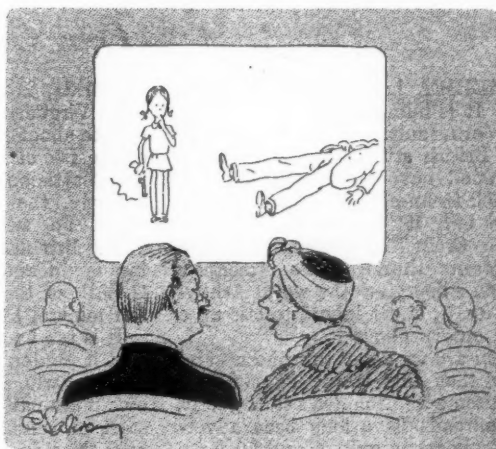
fragments by the impact of war. The pages shake with abrupt disappearances, resurrections, imprisonments, escapes. There is machine-gun fire or a lurking Goum round every corner, and bullying German officers play the perfect cad in castle or hamlet. A stately count turns agent for American sewing machines, while his Yorkshire wife at a moment's notice takes to drink. Unfortunately the writer can never resist temptation and jumps from pathos to farce, from infinity to polygamy, with no smallest regard for the moral unities. As a result none of his many characters are ever at one with themselves from page to page and so not unnaturally persistently refuse to come to life.

C. C. P.

Paper Chase

Miss SUSAN GLASPELL has quite a lot to give to her readers but she expects them to work mighty hard to get it, for not only does she tuck away her most important pieces of information in odd paragraphs scattered through the pages of *Prodigal Giver* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6), but she begins at the beginning and works backwards as though she were writing a detective story. The book begins with the slow dying of the chief character in a New York hotel. A young soldier comes to see her by appointment because she was "going to tell him something," but arrives too late, and from this point the reader's search for the story begins. In case she should make the business too easy, Miss GLASPELL has a trick of using long conversations without telling us who is speaking, so that one must work backwards through the dialogue. At the end those people who have the time and patience to stay the course will discover that they have a pretty clear picture of the lives of an American family, as influenced directly or indirectly by Aunt Adah, who died during the first chapters, and by deduction they will know the type of philosophy with which she would have buoyed up the young soldier. There are two most excellent characters—an old man, Judson, and his grandson, a young soldier, newly returned from the war after absorbing too much horror. Judson is wise, kind and tolerant, and though his grandson is none of these things at first, his mind, as portrayed by the author, is worth studying by any who may need to understand that memory may not be packed away with the uniform.

B. E. B.



"This is her first serious part."



"Now I've written down in your notebook what I want you to bring home, and I've tied a knot in your handkerchief to remind you to look in your notebook."

Our Own Trumpet

AMERICA has scooped us again. It is humiliating, but it is our own fault. It was bad enough when British studios sat silent while Hollywood gave the world Disraeli, Sherlock Holmes, Wellington and Jane Eyre; but it is abominable that Charing Cross Road should twiddle a complacent thumb while America's Tin Pan Alley gives the world Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and I intend to stir up a public outcry about it.

When are we going to wake up and realize that this is the age of self-advertisement? America's states, cities and railroads have long been advertised by her song-writers, and for forty years or more British butcher-boys have whistled and sung of Pasadena,

California, Tennessee, Georgia, Maryland, Virginia—without so much as a la-la-la about Rutland, the Wye Valley or the Isle of Ely. They have lauded the Chattanooga Choo-choo and, more recently, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, when all the time their young British hearts have been yearning for a rousing ballad about the G.W.R. or the Stockton and Darlington mineral line.

It is too bad. And it seems obvious that if we don't do something about it America will. She has used up all her own place-names: now she's making a start on ours. Ashby-de-la-Zouch is only the thin end of the wedge; it will soon thicken up through Bourton-on-the-Water, Moreton-in-Marsh and

Barrow-in-Furness, and before we know where we are it will be London-on-the-Thames (by the sea), and we shall be in the embarrassing position of having the Heart of Empire publicized by somebody named Al Fishstein who has never been nearer London than Lexington Avenue and 23rd Street.

It seems to me that the Home Secretary and the Minister of Town and Country Planning should get together and issue a strongly-worded appeal to British song-writers. Probably a veiled threat under the Defence Regulations will be necessary to get any results; song-writers are an indolent crowd and will do their utmost to evade their responsibilities. If I

know anything about them they will claim that our national place-names are less euphonious than those of America, and do not lend themselves so easily to rhyme. Any such objection should be ruled out at once. If there is a place-name less euphonious and harder to match with a rhyme than Ashby-de-la-Zouch I should be interested to hear of it; yet an American song-writer made a smash-hit of it, unearthing the rhymes "smooch" and "pooch" without whining.

The weakness of the British lyricist is his pathetic reliance on his rhyming dictionary. There is more in a good lyric than the flicking over of a few pages in the hope of coming upon some ready-made story sequence like "dew, few, blue, view, anew, you," or "away, day, obey, grey, roundelay." You won't find words like "smooch" and "pooch" in a rhyming dictionary. You have to make them up. And it would do some British lyricists good to be assigned the jazz-publicity for Clee-thorpes or Orton Waterville (Hunts.) and try what a little imagination and perseverance would do.

So much for the threat to our national prestige. But there is another aspect to be considered. Has anybody troubled to think of the effect on our American tourist trade of Tin Pan Alley's indiscriminate publicizing of British place-names? If not, they should think of it now. Unless mayors and chairmen of urban district councils are (even) greater dullards than is generally supposed, they will clap on their thinking-caps as a result of the Ashby-de-la-Zouch *coup*. Do they realize that once American visitors begin to stream over again about seventy-five per cent. of them are going to take the first train from Southampton to Ashby-de-la-Zouch? (Those who have taken the lyric too literally may even expect the boat to be up to date enough to dock there.) All America is singing about Ashby-de-la-Zouch; is it to be supposed for an instant that visitors are going to fall for the corny old Lincoln Cathedral, Stonehenge, Anne Hathaway's Cottage routine? Not on your life. Ashby-de-la-Zouch will be the objective, taking precedence, even, over the town where Junior was in camp; you won't be able to get near the place for white Rolls Royces, and Lincoln, Stonehenge and Stratford will be well advised to lay on a pretty snazzy line in dainty teas if they hope to hold their own.

I wonder, in passing, if Ashby-de-la-Zouch itself realizes this. Does it know the sort of thing the American millionaire looks for? Is it planning to offer anything along the lines, for instance,

of the New York Hotel Victoria's Candlelight Room, where (I see from *Esquire*) "wine-hued walls sprout fanciful enc scrolled candelabra and gala canopies over the seating arrangements which permits paw-holding"? Or the Hotel Gladstone which is got up in "handsome green - and - gold, with oyster-white leather chairs, wall banquettes and tableware of the choosiest"? Are its caterers rubbing up on their Terrapin Maryland, sirloin steaks, filet mignons, prime rib roasts, chicken risotto, pineapple cheese-cakes and strawberry chiffon pies? Are there paw-holding amenities at Ashby's night-spots? If not, it will come as a disappointment to those who have heard so much about the boys with pretty girls and the girls with pretty curls, while a spread of handleless cups and unrelieved sausage toad-in-the-hole may well prejudice pilgrims against a second visit. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in short, had better get hep.

In the meantime the Government should ensure that the tourist traffic is attracted to the areas where it will do the most good, and I recommend enterprising corporations and councils to prod the official machinery into motion without delay, putting forward their own applications to be publicized in song. If, as I have ventured to foretell, our song-writers fail to respond as enthusiastically as they might, I personally shall be pleased to do anything I can to help. I give two specimen lyrics below; one for a Scottish spot which may encounter difficulties, the other for the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, who may feel that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe has stolen their steam.

1

I felt so foolish
In Ballachulish,
It made the people smile;
My love seemed out of reach
On the sunlit summer beach
Of dear old Ballachulish, Argyll.

Every single day I wooed her,
Every single plan I planned,
When at last I just pooh-poohed her,
She came right up and took my
hand . . .

I felt so foolish (*etc., as above*).

2

Take your seats for Sellafield
On the Cumberland Express;
The track gets narrow
As you get near Barrow,
But trust in the L.M.S.!

The whistle goes ooh-oooh,
The engine starts to puff,

Your sweetheart waves yoo-hoo,
And the Euston seas are rough,
So,
Take your seats (*etc., as above*).

You will notice that I have thought it as well to foster the American idea that in islands as small as these all places are on the coast. J. B. B.

Bookery Nook

NOW that my first slim little book is about to be launched by some slim little publishers I have begun to worry about the dedication. For the dedication is something of a problem.

The usual offering appears to be to one or more of those dear girls without whom our lives are necessarily incomplete. And rather wistful and sentimental in tone with a nice distinction between the use of "For" and "To."

The form is fairly familiar—

For "Gyp" who knows . . .
To Peggy and Prue who pointed
the way . . .
For Wanda who wouldn't say
when . . .
To Lois who asked me if . . .
To Shelmerdine who showed me
how . . .

—with a "because" motif sometimes introduced—

For Melisande and "Mumsie"
because of the quizzing-glass and
the porridge . . .
To Dolores because of Our
Dragoman . . .
For Inez because of the *escritoire*
—did she think it was Regency? . . .

and almost inevitably—

To Undine Because She
Understands . . .

The gastronomical-allusive is reliable—
meals linked with fragrant memories—

For Romaine who remembers the
Ravioli . . .
To Gerda who gave me a
Goulash . . .

To Yolande who will never forget
the Langoustes, the wishing-well,
the Maraschino, the ridiculous
mousse and the Blue Vinney—
wasn't it all great fun?

and (a thought literary)—

For Miranda who Remembers an
Inn.

There's the wife, of course. That's
easy—

To My Wife for helping [or not
helping] me with the proofs . . .

or

for whose unfailing assistance in the preparation of the index I am so greatly indebted . . .

The poetic vein is popular, and occasionally the language, as Sherlock Holmes remarked of *Bradshaw*, is nervous and terse—

Look here—

Book here . . .

But more often it is ardent, couched in arch snippets of staccato sentimentality—

Here's My Book

As it grew,

Here's My Book

All for You,

And it came

Like a flame

(Ah, it's true),

And it grew

With the fire

Of desire,

Only You

Never knew

That it grew—

Here's My Book . . .

(and so on, ad lib., inf., and naus.)
Now and again there is Something for the Boys—

To Alistair, Gavin, Julian and Rollo

Four stout fellas of the Penang Chummery.

The Military Model—

For my live-wire C.O., Lieut.-Col.

J. H. Clive Chetwynd-Chope,
D.S.O., M.C. ("Elsie")—

Tubby Scrooge, our genial P.M.C.,
The Mad Major, R.S.M. Biddle
and

Muggins the "Q"

H.Q. Mess 4th Bn. Cairo Scottish
("The Clockwatchers")

and the complacent pronouncements of riper years—

MY DEAR SANDILANDS,—You once jestingly challenged me to write my reminiscences of a Woollen Mill. Well, here they are embodied within the limits of form and format, and may I dare to hope that you will find this unpretentious record a—how shall I term it?—a book of good yarns.

Always most cordially yours . . .

The Dornford Yates manifesto—
framed in dignified and courteous prose—as to the Manor born—

To the Fairest Lady in all this blessed realm, who walked in beauty like a Crown of Stars, who was lovely and pleasant and gracious in her ways, who first taught me how to split my infinitives, and with whom parting was the sweetest imaginable sorrow.

The roguey-poguey infantile and pet animal pattern—

For Sally Anne, Boo Boo and "Podge" ("Three Jolly Huntsmen")

This Book is For
Belindakins

("Princess Chatterbox").

For Sandra, Simon and Puff the Cat—who made me welcome . . .

To Bomber—my bull-pup; possibly my severest critic in that he destroyed so many of my earlier pages!

The whimsical fantastic—

To Mr. Westinghouse—An inadequate tribute to Brake's Progress.

And the self-conscious sardonic—

To all those kind friends who, having read this book in manuscript, told me that I should have been better employed in doing some useful work.

Even so the problem remains unsolved.

Despite reference to dictionaries of quotations and adherence to that school of authorship which studiously balances its output between remote or fashionable resorts, advertising them in snobby italics at the left-hand bottom corner, e.g.—

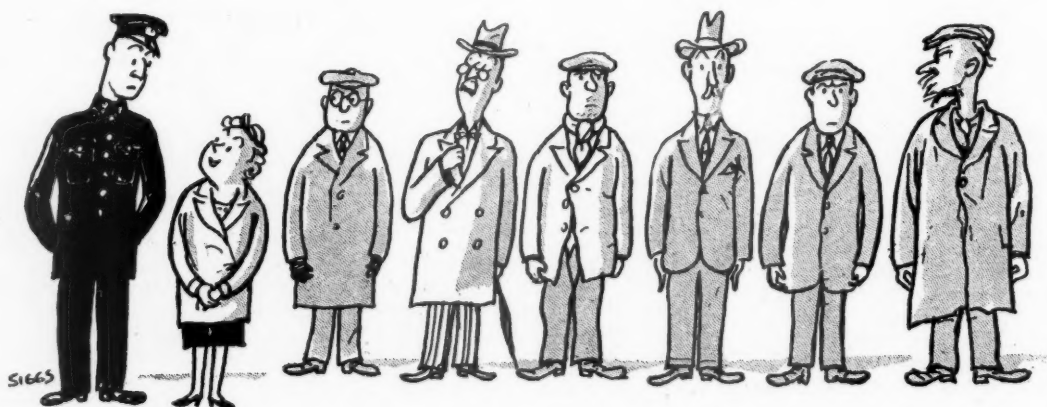
In the Bering Strait—Melton Mowbray—Waikiki—Grosvenor Square—Cap d'Antibes

(or, as in my case, less impressively—

In a Gaumont British Café—Clapham Junction—Berrylands, Surbiton),

the necessary inspiration and guidance are lacking and I am as far from a decision as ever.

"For All Fish" is tempting, but on the whole I think I shall dedicate my bantling to the slim little publishers, as goodness knows that is just about all they are likely to get out of the publication. Woon.



"Couldn't you give me just a teeny clue?"

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GG 382/96

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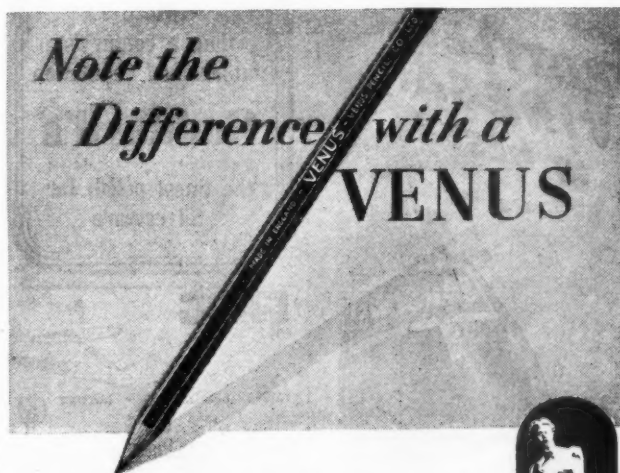


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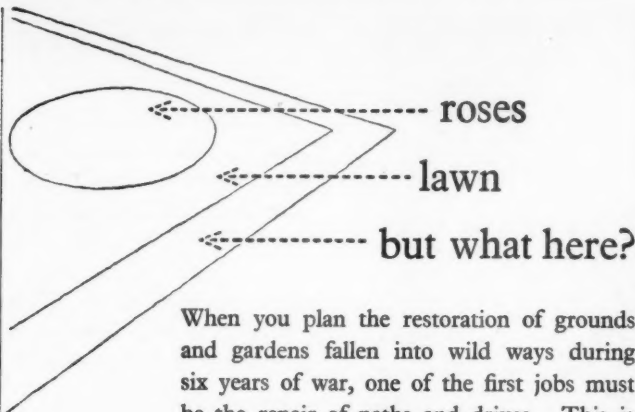
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- A. Bundles of dried leaves, graded according to quality into 'firsts', 'seconds' and 'lugs.' Each 'hand' contains from ten to twenty-five leaves. Naturally, only 'firsts' are used by Murray's.
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- A. Packing of tobacco into 1,000 lb. wooden drums (called hogsheads). The leaf must be scientifically packed, under pressure, so that it arrives in first-class condition, like Murray's.
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